

The Parthenon

by Delta T

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Summary: Two new ships. New Spartans. An alliance. History of the Forerunners and their fall. Things blowing up and lots of great humor.

1. Drinking and Fishin

The Parthenon A Halo Fanfiction By: Delta T members Dryice and Drought

"For a super soldier you are one pale bastard, Master Chief." exclaimed Johnson.

"Thank you, sir," replied the Chief.

"That was not a complement, Chief" said Sergeant Johnson in disbelief. "Ever been fishing, Chief?"

"I once choked an Elite with a wire, does that count?" asked the Spartan.

Johnson shook his head warily at the man who knows very little outside of combat. "That suit protects you from more than hostiles, Chief. You are the palest person I have ever seen Casper! It is good you are out of that suit at least for a few hours."

"The doctors said I need the exposure to the sun so my skin stays alive." replied the Chief warily. The MJOLNIR battle armor was akin to a normal person's favorite shirt. The Spartan had spent many years in the armor that it had become part of him in more ways than any amount of implants and modifications could ever. The man was attached to the armor as much as any part of his body.

"Well out here on _The Clam_ you can get as much sun as you want, Master Chief. You never know you might actually become and good looking as me!" The Chief looked over the edge of the boat as Johnson got out his fishing gear. There on the side on the speedboat was its

name painted in midnight blue against the white hull was the ship's name, The Clam, seemed rather inappropriate for an incredibly fast speed boat that carried two war heroes fishing. "You like beer, Master Chief?"

"Never had one, Sir." replied the Spartan with interest.

Johnson nearly fell off the boat. He turned to the marine that was aboard and screamed, "Corporal get me two beers and one for the Chief, too!"

"What kind, sir?" replied the young man.

"Do Not Tell Me Anything But Budweiser Came On My Boat!"

The Corporal appeared to be quite afraid he had packed a whole case of Miller light: a true antique because Miller went out of business right before Reach fell. "Well you see sir... I kind of brought some Miller."

"Chief get your battle rifle ready."

The marine looked nervous. "Please don't shoot me I only wanted some beer."

Johnson said, "Not you son. We do not shoot comrades. But that beer is another topic." He opened a compartment and pulled out a clay target launcher. He released the legs and set it on the deck pointed out starboard. "Marine get me that beer of yours. I think the Chief needs some target practice." The marine got the cold Miller out and set it next to the launcher and stepped back. Johnson put a can on the target launcher and looked to the chief who nodded. The can went flying and the battle rifle sounded and the aluminum can exploded. "Good shot, Chief. Ready for another?" The Spartan nodded and another can was loaded and then set free over the ocean where another three bullets tore the can apart. Another ten cans met the same fate as the first two. "The things I do for this world." Johnson barked. "Soldier, get the REAL beer out. You have never been fishing have you, Chief?"

"No, Sir," replied the Spartan.

"Well then, prepare to receive an education, Chief"

The marine came back with a cooler full of beer. He had filled the plastic container with a dozen bottles and some ice. Corporal Davis put the cooler down and retreated back as if paying homage to a deity or sovereign.

"Ahhh, Beer!" shouted Johnson. He grabbed three beers and handed a bottle to the Chief and opened his using the palm of his hand. The pale man took the offered beer bottle and opened it the same way Johnson used. He took a tentative sip only to be interrupted by Johnson. "Whooooo! That is good beer!" He downed the second and picked the fishing pole up.

A few hours later a large pile of fish was on the deck of the ship, but it was no where near the size of beer bottles and cans behind them. The master chief and Johnson were unaffected by the alcohol; the marine in the other hand had puked twice and fell off the boat

once. Johnson reeled in another fish and threw on the pile. The fish was a lively one and flopped off the pile towards the unopened beer. In a flash the Spartan drew his pistol and shot the fish right through the gills. Johnson was startled and finally saw the shot fish.

"It was going for the beer, sir!" said the Chief as that was reason enough.

Johnson looked remorseful. "What have I done?" To himself he thought that he had unleashed an unstoppable force, a Spartan who likes beer. He looked at his watch and saw the time. He walked to the window near the boat's driver and tapped on the window. The man nodded and The Clam's engines started up and the boat began to move. Soon they would arrive at the entrance to the _Parthenon_ project.

2. The Watcher and The Demon

The Parthenon A Halo Fanfiction By: Delta T members Dryice and Drought

Chapter 2

"15 minutes until we reach the entrance, sir." The marine said. He seemed to have overcome his "sickness" but he was still a little pale.

"Thanks marine," Chief said turning to Johnson "How do we know where this thing is sir, I don't see any kind of fortress anywhere?"

"It's a very small entrance, Chief," Johnson replied "That way those Covenant bastards can't find us."

The Chief nodded. It was a good plan, considering what the Parthenon held. It could quite possibly be Earth's last hope. The blue ocean flew by as _The Clam_ sped onwards, further east. Then Chief saw it, the tiniest speck in the distance. 10 minutes later _The Clam_ had stopped completely and her crew of 5 was hopping off into a small dock and a large, clear elevator. Once all necessary supplies and crew were in the elevator the doors closed air tight.

They began the slow decent down. Water surrounded the elevator as they began to speed up. Chief was stunned. It was a massive city with the strong plastic-like substance covering everything. There were submarines zipping around everywhere. The elevator came to a stop with a hissing sound. When the doors opened Admiral James Silverstein was waiting for them.

"Welcome to Atlantis, boys," Admiral said, "Follow me to the briefing room, we'll tell you what your mission is."

Sgt. Johnson, Chief, and the Admiral all walked to a large room with a projector. Chief and Johnson took their seats along with some other military personnel, including Miranda Keyes.

"Good to see you guys again." she said.

"Same here." Johnson said.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, if I could have your attention please." The Admiral said.

The men and women in the room fell silent and listened to what could be the last mission the humans fought against the Covenant. That is if it was as big a deal as they had heard.

"You are here in Atlantis for one reason; get the Ark off of Earth."

The room achieved the impossible by somehow getting more quiet when everyone held their breath.

"After we realized that the Covenant attacked Earth because they found The Ark here we knew it was something important. When we found out what it could do, we knew it was our number 1 priority."

"We searched the world and we came here, The Marianas Trench, and we found what the Covenant were looking for. _The Ark_ is the name of The Forerunner's largest ship. Somehow, the Forerunners put the ship on Earth. This could mean that we are the descendants of the Forerunners, or we were banished Forerunners. The later would explain why the Covenant would want to destroy us so bad. Since they almost worshipped the Forerunners, or existence could be blasphemy to them."

"The Covenant know where it is and what it is by intercepting one of our transmissions. _The Ark_ is not safe on Earth. Another ship other than the _Pillar of Autumn_ escaped Reach; its name is the _Watcher in the Water_. _In order to escape being destroyed it took a blind jump into Slipspace and just recently reported back to Earth. It was not finished being constructed and it now is."

"_The Watcher_ and its sister ship will accompany _The Ark_ to an unknown, safe planet. The other ship's name is the _Demon of the Deep_. It was built here and will leave from here. Chief, you know the nickname the Covenant have given you?"

"Yes," the Chief said with a feral grin "the Demon"

"We named our ship the _Demon of the Deep_ for a reason; you will be commanding this ship. And its main crew? 25 of the new SPARTAN III soldiers. Along with multiple marines. Johnson, you'll have the _Watcher_, also with 25 Spartans."

"Yes, Sir" Johnson said with a large smile on his face.

"Chief here is a 'brief' rundown of the _Demon's_ _features" said the Admiral, handing chief a folder thicker than Chief's MJOLNIR armor.

"Meeting adjourned." The Admiral said.

The Master Chief was looking forward to commanding the ship, because he had just read about the 12 different sized MAC guns.

A/N, More serious. But still quite short, although we will fix that is if people actually read the story.

3. The Armor

The Parthenon

> A Halo Fanfiction
 By: Delta T members dryice and Drought
Chapter 3

The Chief exited the briefing room. Miranda had been assigned to take the _In Armor Clad_ to search for possible homes for _The Ark_. Chief however was more interested in what the Admiral had told him just a few moments ago. A level-12 battle armor was found in the tomb of the great Greek warrior Leonidas. Apparently Leonidas had used the armor in the battle of Thermopylae. It's no secret that the MJOLNIR armor the UNSC used was based off of battle skins left by the Forerunners. Only recently though was it discovered that the battle skins belonged to the Forerunners.

The skin was unlike any battle armor ever made. One-of-a-kind, it had everything the Chief could ever want. It's life support system would keep air pressure and temperature at any level the Chief wanted. Meaning he could freely float in space for an unlimited amount of time, his old armor only allowed for about 90 minutes of time in space. It had a hidden compartment for side-arms. Meaning his pistol or SMG could be completely hidden from the enemy. It's energy shields, which were stronger than any recorded singular energy shield, could withstand two, head-on, blasts from a Wraith tank. It also had built in, hidden, blades that come out of the forearms. And the thing the Master Chief was most excited aboutâ€¦ the Jet Packs.

Spartan-117 was heading down to the main armory to get this precious battle suit. He walked through the city streets. It was all metal, the buildings, the streets, and even the ground he walked on. All of it was surrounded, by what Chief had just learned was, a hybrid of glass and strong plastic, supposedly unbreakable by even plasma. The underground city felt even safer than Reach, and that made the Chief a little uneasy. Sgt. Johnson had already left to go check out the _Watcher_ and from what the Chief heard, it was an amazing ship.

The Chief walked up to the entrance to the armory. The doors swung open and he walked in. The room was huge, filled with ammo, battle rifles, pistols, even some Covenant weapons.

"How can I help you?" the Master-at-arms at the table said.

"Yes, I'm Spartan 117, I'm here for the battle skin" the Chief said handing the man his ID.

"Ok right this way, Chief" the man said.

The man took him into a separate room. Multiple cryo tubes were lined up against the wall. Inside each was a different version of the MJOLNIR armor. At the end of the hall was the battle skin. It looked quite thin actually, the Chief guessed that's why they called it a "skin". It was a sea-blue color with an unknown insignia on its shoulders. The insignia showed a Halo ring with a hand grasping an Energy Sword. What the Chief found interesting was the hand had 5 fingers, it was a human hand, or at least something closely related.

The armor was in several sections and they connected with an audible

hiss as the man attached them to the chief's body. After the helmet sealed the shield and suit's systems powered up and the chief saw the shield indicator pulse solid blue and steady after a moment.

"We'll test the suit's shield now. So if you would Chief." said the Master-at-arms.

The Chief nodded slightly and stepped on to the testing platform. The machine spun up and the shield power dropped only the tiniest noticeable margin. The Chief smiled behind his visor that same charge depleted his old armor's shield. The Master-at-arms tapped the controls again and held the execute button as the machine continued to drain the shields. John looked out the window of the armory and saw the city lights dim. He stood there for about five minutes as the testing machine continued to measure the shield's power. "I have a really big book to read so if you couldâ€¦" said the Chief while thinking of the huge technical manual for the _Demon of the Deep._

The Master-at-arms pointed to the door and said, "That is enough just don't stand next to too many nukes."

The Master Chief walked out the door and toward the shipyard where his ship was waiting.

End
file.